At such a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemy stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes,
And what a beard of the Generals cut,
And a horrid shout of the Campe
Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slanders of this age,
Or else you may meruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certaine Captaine *Gower*, it is not the man,
Looke you, that I did take him to be:
But when time shall serue, I shall tell him a little
Of my desires: heere comes his Maiesty.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster, and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiesty,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiesty,
The partition of the aduersary hath beene great,
Very reasonably great, but for our owne parts,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a Church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiesty
Know the man, his face is full of whelks, and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a coale, sometimes red, sometimes plew;
But God be praised, now his nose is executed,
And his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And here we giue expresse commandement,
That there be nothing taken from the villages
But paid for; none of the French abused,
Or vpbraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter

Enter the French Herauld.

Herald. You know me by my habite.

King. Well then, we know thee,
What should we know of thee?

Her. My Masters minde. *King.* Vnfold

Her. Go thee vnto *Harry* of England, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:
Although we did seeme dead, we did but slumber,
Now we speake vpon our kue, & our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly, see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. VVhich to ransome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake;
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe kneeling
At our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, adde defiance.
So much from the King my Master.

King. VVhat is thy name? we know thy quality.

Herald. Montioy.

King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now;
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis*; for to say the sooth,
(Though tis no wisedome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My souldiers are with sickenesse much enfeebled,
My Army lessened, and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
VVho when they were in heart, I tell thee Herald,
I thought vpon one paire of English legs,
Did march three Frenchmens.
Yet God forgiue me, that I do brag thus;
Your aire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy Master here I am,
My ransome is this fraile and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly guard.